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The Seasons

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THE SEASONS

CAITLIN MCCLUSKEY

Gold.

I can taste the autumn through my teeth.
Reds and golds coming in like
Rings that once encircled our fingers.
The scent of burning firewood across the street;
Our house lies cold.
A deep and looming mystery.

White.

Color of winter which scatters through the yard.
I can't taste the cold anymore.
Lying there on ice,
I once thought,
"I might just be happy."
But that thought was just not...
Reality.

Orange.

Spring magnifying the glossy folds
Of whatever magazine life we used to hold.
I can feel what is coming
Like branches snapping off dead trees.
Sometimes,
I feel like a dead tree.

Summertime.

Hot mornings spent running to hotel pools
Away from you.

This is what the seasons bring:

A glimpse of what we are

And could be.

Could have been.

What we see,

Through eyes of lenses and glasses and frames

And pupils dilated.

This is what we have become.

A glimpse of color and light through seasons.